

# OZ

Australian  
International <sup>2/-</sup>

# REVIEW

No. 18 APRIL 1965



LET'S KEEP IT THIS WAY





## Backwards, Christian Soldiers

Newton's Third Law tells us that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. That was Isaac Newton, of course, not Max Newton, (ex-editor of "The Australian"), who might have ruefully added that an Australia every action is met full face by a reaction of double strength.

"The Australian" began publication as the only big circulation newspaper in this country with even vaguely Leftish tendencies. Apparently, as is now known, the advertisers were able to exert enough pressure against such a policy to have Max fired and replaced as editor by a gentleman of more subdued views. The policy has subsequently moved, accommodatingly enough, several degrees to the Right.

And now, when there is some stirring of the forces opposing such basic civil liberties as free speech, censorship and racial equality, we are about to have the "National Review".

Of course, the pity is that, with the decline in quality of "The Bulletin" there is a crying need in Australia for a good quality news Review magazine and if "N.R." can supply that it will do very big business, whatever people think of its policies.

The cartoons reproduced here from their dapper issue indicate clearly what these policies are. The words "Fascist" and "Nazi" are near-words most often abused than correctly directed these days, but if any policy deserved such a description this is it, with its careful blend of national pogroms and Anglo-Saxon racism.

Well it still! Now in his right mind would join the Australian Nazi Party but we may well find that Nazis as a way of thinking is fast becoming a popular Australian custom.

## Goldwaters Run Deep

Some time in the middle of April a new magazine will appear on the news-stands, "Australia International NEWS REVIEW," priced at 2/- . Already a dummy copy has been sent out to advertising agencies, consisting of a "Statement of Policy" and sample story headings. In this sample preview, OZ reproduces below the cover, Statement of Policy and headings contained in the pilot issue of "News Review".

The first issue will be 48,000 but an ultimate circulation of 60,000 is expected. The Managing Director is Mr. R. L. Fisher, who is connected with the Rotary and Elton Club.

The following is an extract from a letter by the Editor, T. M. Libby:

"News Review" is designed to give private enterprise a "voice" that can be heard and understood by every thinking Australian — Men and women.

As you know, a communist demand for higher wages in our already inflated economy and infiltration of Labour by Communist controlled organisations has now reached an extremely dangerous state. As witness, MI 10.

Who is to blame? In my view, private enterprise generally must bear most of the blame. In the face of an organized and concerted attack upon us we have done absolutely nothing to defend ourselves, so now we must make a stand or watch our economy erode away.

I am asking you to back us in the common fight; to give us your advertising support so that we can speak up for our free enterprise system and the inalienable rights of the Australian people.

### STATEMENT OF POLICY

Australian International NEWS REVIEW is an entirely new and independent news magazine designed to appeal to the greatest number of readers in every section of the com-

munity, with particular emphasis on the family.

News Review is a magazine of our times, speaking openly, plainly, and to the point on every vital matter affecting the welfare of our Nation and people. Bold, lively and imaginative it presents the news behind the news — rising fact from fiction to reach the truth, that Australians may properly assess the pattern of events that are now shaping their destiny.

News Review is not confined to news analysis. The first and forthcoming editions cover many topics such as: agriculture, education, religion, family and home, business, medicine, science, art, entertainment, music, books, radio, TV, sport, new cars, motor racing, and a host of other features of wide reader appeal.

Journalists and writers with names well known to the public are among News Review contributors.

The Publishers, in commending this new media to the attention of advertisers, agencies and account executives, desire to make editorial policy of News Review quite clear.

News Review, although wholly independent, fully supports the policies of the present Federal Government, and is dedicated to the principle that only within the present system of free enterprise can Australia develop her massive potential to ensure prosperity for all.

News Review supports responsible trades unionism, but rejects the use of blackmail and intimidation as a weapon with which to circumvent arbitration.

News Review is openly hostile to Communism, subversion and extremism of any kind.

News Review supports severely restricted immigration to prevent the development of a colour problem and its consequent danger to Australia.

News Review is utterly opposed to the present mass exploitation of the sex theme and the impetus it gives to increasing moral delinquency throughout the Commonwealth.

In brief, News Review holds firm to the highest traditions of truth and morality, in the inalienable rights and privileges of the individual and in the authority of government elected by the people.

GOOD READING:

Strict Censorship  
Needed

THE COMMONWEALTH

Let Us Be Exclusive

The Defeat we made a distant vote in the French and German. They are spread throughout the country in the U.S., Australia, Canada and New Zealand in a family.

FAMILY AND HOME:

By John Green

Time to Attack Moral Decay  
PAPA/NEW GUINEA:

Danger of Little Dictators

Unstable power-hungry balance could pose the way to industrial takeover. We must protect this situation.

# A magazine the whole family will enjoy



*As the policy of 'News Review' is apparently backward in staff of contributors with names 'well known to the public' most current of these famous Australian contemporaries who are always willing to take pen and paper to hand to aid a Good Cause.*

*For example we can foresee such contributing gents as:*

## MOTORING

*By Hugh (Not real) Gough  
The New Holden: A Holy Australian vehicle*

The good distribution allowed by Gezie to test their delightful new conveyance in the spacious grounds of Bishopscourt. First blessing: Holden is a model of cleanliness, next it's Australian. During my test I discovered that the high speed indicated on the speedometer was quite fast but the car could be brought to a halt, God willing.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

*by our guest the Mayor of Rome  
Alabama: Let's drop the white man's burden*

Alright Johnson. No more back-sighter punning. How come you're always sending conscript troops down south to wet-rum the blacks when, Mr. President, **YOUR OWN HOUSE IS WHITE**? / / / Anyway, News Review's readers (ain't this mag long overdue!) Bill Corner asked me and told me that if Johnson ever poked his sticky nose into Alabama's segregated mean street then he'd get his head blown off (like we all know who ...

## GOOD READING

*by E. L. Dwyer (President National League of Writers)  
Sydney Telephone Directory: Don't E. for Pornography*

At first suspicious glances the Directory seems harmless enough. But look at page 4001 A Mr M Parkart, Granddaddy Ave.

Potts Point, raises his ugly telephone number right in there amongst a Pines (Wynneworthville) and four Fuchs (p 402). And if that's not enough to ensure a successful prosecution against the P.M.G. (even in this decadent Post Lawman age) look at these other great names: Paps Judd, Alibiada of Koppash 3 columns of Cox (p 399), page 396, Peltick (Kewville) and there's a Peltick right on top of Prime Minister's Department. Last but not least are two Tils (Kipper Bay, Cooagoo) and a Buppes lurking at Maroonba.

Next week 'News Review' looks at the Post (Dictionary) 'Pole red' (p) Page ... are you listening whorries and this week's ...

## OFF-BEAT

*by a top Secret Staff Reporter*

All the poppycock about students freedom and which wailed tolerance for University students' Remembrance Institute in so-called Economics, Ken Buckley, who personified that contemptuous, homomaxial front "Civil Liberties"? Well, listen to this. He was just poked up for **OFFENSIVE BEHAVIOUR**. The case isn't over yet so I won't prejudge it. But I can tell you some pams about that sorberly, long haired, intellectual, Assass-fondling ...

## TELEVISION

*Keep the tubes clean*

Not much to report these days, folks. I do think the ABC's Children Season

is probably the peak of the 5 o'clock show.

I turn the set off strictly at 6:10 and read until it's time for "Quiet Time" at 10:30 with Bishop Goodwin Hutton.

Coming attractions include: Eric Butler's straitlacing and, needless to say, (initial look at) The Jewish Problem; Norman Banks looks at South Africa (yes, again); Bill Wentworth's interesting regular feature: What went wrong in Australia this month and how the Communists caused it.

News Review's Australian of the Year the **KINGS MAN IN WHITE**.

# All About OZ

**EDITORS:** Richard Neville,  
Richard Walsh.

**ASSISTANT EDITOR:** Don Letcher

**SECRETARY:** Marika Ross

**ART DIRECTOR:** Martin Sharp.

**ARTISTS:** Gary Sheard, Peter Kingman, Mike Chisholm

• **OZ is an independent magazine. It is published by OZ Publications Ltd Limited, 14 Hunter Street, Sydney NSW 1000, 2AM 1960 (after hours).**

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• **OZ should appear on the list of every month, but it usually isn't. In Sydney, OZ is available from street-vendor newsies and larger city newsagents. Outside: Post Depot distributes OZ in Melbourne; Chisholm's sells OZ in Canberra. In Adelaide, OZ available from Almy Harris's Bookshop or from John Waters, St Mark's College. Jack's General Newsagency, The Record Mart and larger newsagents handle OZ in Brisbane.**

**OZ paid a total**

**of £85 for**

**original**

**contributions**

**to the last**

**issue.**

**Why don't**

**YOU write**

**for OZ?**

SWOP

MYTEL HT00436 HAZUS TOW RAFFLES AUSTRALIA 20 12 595P

PRESIDENT SUKARNO  
 THE PEOPLES PALACE  
 JAKARTA INDONESIA

SPORT AFTERNOON EVERY WED STOP NO ONE WATCHES RADAR

SEE YOU

CAROLINE

47 CAROL



## THE PILL AND YOU

A Sydney doctor answers the seven most frequently asked questions on this vital subject.

### 1. Who needs it?

Despite all the propaganda, the Pill is probably completely useless for married women, who are usually hankering to conceive anyway. It is for the spinster who happens to be an optimist, for the youngster who is expectant but doesn't want to be expecting. Start a course today — you never know when you'll be lucky enough to need it.

Men, do you have a secret desire to be barren? The Pill can take that worry right off your chest.

### 2. Where do I put it?

Women, select the aperture of your choice and insert.

Men, your choice is not so wide but make the most of it.

### 3. How do I take them?

Don't be unimaginative about this. Sprinkle them on your breakfast cereals (regularity is a byword in the Pill box).

Crush them up and spread them over your peanut butter sandwiches.

Dissolve them in Benzene. There's nothing like a hot shower of orals to give you that midday lift.

### How many should I take?

The Church advises you to have scruples. So does your doctor.

One heaped scruple-ful of orals is exactly what the doctor (D.D. and M.D.) ordered.

### 5. Has it any side-effects?

The Church claims the Pill leads to spontaneous abortion. This is a misconception.

If you suspect side-effects, try to decide which side is affected and take remedial action.

### 6. Do orals have any other use?

They make very useful poker chips and conversational pieces. Small children can choke on them.

They are also effective against

master's elbow, washerwoman's knee, writer's cramp, rickets, the jingles and the bends, all of which, incidentally, they cause.

No wonder they're so good — you're so busy worrying about the side-effects how could you conceive?

### 7. What about my conscience?

If you've got a conscience, there's only one cure. Try a little sex. If you're having a little sex, you'd better take the Pill.

Don't your conscience? Your vicious circle **NEEDS** the Pill.

The Sydney Morning Herald, Wed., March 18, 1965

L'I' ABNER— By Al Capp



THE AUSTRALIAN  
 WEDNESDAY MARCH 18 1965



Copyright Cook as  
 seen overlooking  
 College Street  
 from Hyde Park,  
 Sydney

According to a recent "NATION" (March 6) no less than four out of seven issues of the new American magazine "FACT" have been banned by the Customs Dept. Not because they are very or mightily bad because they put at record indictments. The latest issue to receive the censorious was features an article on "Coca-Cola". Although not agreeing with the author's rather over-stated case, we publish below a condensed version to give readers some idea of what they are missing out on.



Coca-Cola is the best-known and most widely distributed commercial product in the world, but in the United States alone, 40,000,000 drinks are consumed every day.

Around the Big Gully of soda pop is made in 129 countries at 1,900 licensed bottling plants — undoubtedly every foreigner honestly believes that the object held aloft by the Statue of Liberty is a Coca-Cola bottle. But even though fifty-one from Adolf Hitler to Richard Nixon has named and approved Coca-Cola, even though records show that one baby imbibed Coke before milk and survived and one woman lived into her last 90's after having drunk a Coke a day for 66 years, there is nevertheless a massive dossier of medical evidence indicating Coca-Cola as one of the most poisonous beverages ever found in a bottle that doesn't bear a skull and cross-bones.

Most people probably know that the dental profession has long demanded Coca, Pepsi Cola, and the hundreds of other soda drinks together like rapists and castrates that have many Americans know that an American Medical Association committee has urged no public schools to ban the sale of Coke and all limited soda drinks? How many Americans know that the leading association of ophthalmologists, the American Ophthalmic Association, refuses to run Coke ads in its official journal and forbids Coca-Cola exhibitors at its conventions? Or that Coca-Cola contains caffeine — and because the caffeine is sold, it may be more harmful than the caffeine in coffee? Or that Coca-Cola has been implicated as a cause of palpitation, insomnia, nausea, vomiting, headache, dizziness, vertigo, and possibly high blood pressure, palpitation, acute nephritis, menstrual disturbances, and possibly very few but for that matter very few Americans even know what the ingredients of Coke are.

A long time ago a government chemist, Dr. Charles A. Chapman, testified "in 1902 while connected with the federal government, I analyzed samples of Coca-

# Coca-Cola

Cola syrup and detected the presence of cocaine. Later analysis of Coke also revealed that it contained alcohol. An official government study reported that Coke syrup contained of sugar (54%), phosphoric acid (18.34-18.75%), caffeine (0.021-0.025%), alcohol (0.004-0.275%), essential glycerin, lime juice, essential oils and plant extract, etc. water.

Alcohol has disagreed that along with cocaine but whatever the composition has remained the same, and it is the first three ingredients — sugar, phosphoric acid, and particularly caffeine — that do all the damage.

First off among the ingredients is refined sugar. One bottle of empty bottle is refined sugar, which is fine for quick energy and just poisonous for your teeth.

The Coca-Cola Company, as public spirited policy as when it had unimpeachable American doctors and stuffed every bottle about the refined sugar in its beverage. But Coke's ability to rot your teeth doesn't rest solely on its sugar content. The drink also contains phosphoric acid (18.34-18.75%) according to the latest studies, which does wonders in helping the job along. Two research teams at Bethesda Naval Medical Research Institute, Maryland, in 1949 and 1948, found that soda beverages "can decidedly much because of their acidity." Experimenting with teeth extracted by dentists they discovered that when these were immersed in a soda beverage for two days the enamel surface lost much of its calcium.

The Coca-Cola Company is understandably very busy advertising that its product contains caffeine. A letter from a Fort treasurer to Mr. Harold L. Adams in the company's caffeine headquarters from the soldiers reply that Coca-Cola does in fact contain caffeine but "usually contained the caffeine (as) that same volume of tea, or one-fourth that of coffee".

True, coffee and tea do contain more caffeine than Coca-Cola. But — and it's one of the important things everybody knows coffee and tea have caffeine in them, not everybody knows that Coca-Cola contains caffeine because it's not listed on the bottle.

A second important fact is that when people may deliberately limit their consumption of coffee, limiting it contains caffeine with Coca-Cola they may let out all stops for hours on a hot day a per for many of today's managers and not only because Coke quenches thirst but because Coca-Cola is habit forming. When heavy drinkers don't get enough they lapse into what might be called a Coca-Cola. The late John Williams, M.D., professor of medicine at Vanderbilt University and a one-time president of the American Medical Association, once said:



# \*The Pause with Claws

"Young people soon learn the habit of taking Coca-Cola and take sometimes 3, 10, 15, or 20 drinks a day. They really look like morphine addicts. So far as their efforts to control it are concerned."

"I have known thirty or forty patients afflicted with the Coca-Cola habit during the last five or six years. I have had three cases in the hospital that I tried to break off the habit. As they gave up the habit, their health improved. I regard Coca-Cola as habit-forming, and quite creates a demand for another because it stimulates the nerve and makes him feel better, then when it's effect wears off, the reaction is one of depression, and he gets very nervous and extremely restless as a result."

A third expert, who had in the last half, as Dr. K. Lander states, "drinking caffeine-containing beverages on an empty stomach has more effect on a person than if they are taken on a full stomach." And people usually drink Coke not with meals but between meals, a practice unanimously encouraged by Coca-Cola advertising ("The Pause that Refreshes").

The final fact is the most important of all. It is that there is scientific evidence that the caffeine in Coca-Cola is more potent than the caffeine in either tea or coffee.

This is because the action of caffeine is opposed by milk and by adenine (one of the contents of tea). Also the colder the beverage the greater the effect of caffeine.

Let's review some of the medical findings about caffeine itself.

Caffeine is a stimulant that, in moderate doses, increases mental alertness, reduces fatigue, and sustains intellectual effort. In larger doses caffeine really goes to work. Just four grams of caffeine can produce headaches, a feeling of numbness, indigestion, and constipation and diarrhea ("Handbook of Human Engineering Data for Design Engineers," Tufts Institute for Applied Experimental Psychology, 1949). There is some evidence, besides, that caffeine may cause heart trouble — Dr. Olesky Paul and his associates at the University of Illinois discovered that rats who drank coffee to excess lay prone and in long heart disease. And it has also been shown that caffeine can cause mutations in laboratory animals (see "The Lancet" 3/14/63).

Given all this evidence and inference that Coca-Cola is a menace to health, it may seem odd that so little gets published on the subject. But it is not so surprising if one knows how much advertising Coke and the other soft companies do — Coke spends upward of \$60,000,000 a year on advertising. Publishers, along with radio and TV executives, are not inclined to slap the kind that suits the cigarette. Dr. Harvey Washington Ferryman of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, succeeded in prodding the government many years ago into setting a shipment of Coke syrup and processing the company on charges of seditionism and subversion. The suit (known as United States vs. Frito Biscuits and Twenty Kinds of Coca-Cola) dragged through the courts for 7 years. The Supreme Court finally ruled against the company,

and Coca-Cola agreed to make certain minor changes in its manufacturing process — but did not have to eliminate the caffeine.

Other incidents have been no more successful in clamping down on Coke. In Europe, the drink has virtually been forced down the throats of its customers. In 1950 the French Parliament, convinced that drinking Coke was a health hazard, passed a law banning the sale of Coca-Cola. At the time Coke was also unavailable in Italy. The Belgians, then and now, had a law requiring Coke bottles to carry, in letters larger than the brand name, the warning "attention de la cafeine." Denmark quickly avoided the provocation of a legislative ban by issuing soda drinks out of context. In the face of all this resistance to Coca-colonization, if France had succeeded in outlawing the drink the whole European market might have been closed by Coca-Cola. In France our former ambassador, David Bruce, donned his striped trousers



and went calling on his government officials on behalf of Coke. Public opinion in the United States was aroused. The company's publicity machine clearly began peering the French resistance as a Communist plot. Coke spokesman James A. Farley, former U.S. Ambassador General, paid a nationwide call on France's ambassador to the United States, Henri Bonnet. In the company's home state, Georgia, Congressman Eugene Cox went so far as to announce that he and his friends were boycotting French dressing for the duration.

In the end, the French senate voted the prohibitive law. Today the Coca-Cola cups virtually embrace the world.



## CONSERVATIVES OF THE WORLD

One of the more interesting developments of last year was the use by Right-wing and a political pressure groups of techniques traditionally employed by the Left. The best examples were the proposed "sit-in" of N.S.W. State Parliament by ranchmen members of the Landlord and Property Owners' Rights Association, during a debate on rents, and the "sit-in" inspired by motor scooter owners to establish their legal rights to use a whole parking space.

The use of this technique could be extended. There could be a "sit-in" of athletes who object, say, to Wentworth Park being used as a dog track. Or they might try a "drive-in" of motorists protesting against the closing of parking stations at night. Most likely of all, no doubt, is a "sit-in" by members of the Police Cliff Rescue Squad protesting against the working conditions.

If any group needs to be protected these days, it is the Middle Class Salubrious Yeastie Set. Here they are, desperately retaining middle class society by washing up buses, making up the complacent bourgeoisie with Lucky rafters, turning West North Shore parties into really gas parties, and what else authority do but look them up! Perhaps a "sit-in" in newspapers, magazines, and anybody else bored enough to listen would help. For those who, like Gandhi, prefer direct action, a "sit-in" of the Police Club dinner might bring results.

—CLEM GORMAN.

Great Polytechnics from  
polytechnics grow — a special  
for our New Zealand readers.

Whatever happened to Malcolm X.  
The leader of one of the lesser  
sects?  
X was axed; his cause is lost —  
In fact, ex-Malcolm X was  
double-crossed.

Dear Rev. Bush,  
I am a thirteen  
year old (attractive)  
girl. just recently  
I have been having  
a lot of sex

# THE TRAGIC HIST- ORY OF REV. FAUSTUS BUSH



## ACT 1 ~ ACT 2 ~ ACT 3

Enter BUSH to audience (in a racoon)  
BUSH:

Alas! I am by all accounts,  
Born in lower-class friends' forest  
They've heard my voice grow thin  
and weaker.  
Without result. So, man needs!  
Where art thou with thy dogs so fat.  
Nocturnal and tame and all of that?  
Enter Megaphones in the guise  
of a Mass Medium  
MELPH:

Indeed? I come, oh burning Bush,  
I'll pay you to condemn the Bush.  
Roar the bushes, follow the "Sue".  
Tape-record and make a boo  
He produces a cassette (screaming)  
BUSH (screaming)  
And here I see a contract! Sarah,  
I'll sign right now with "Sunday  
Mirror".  
And tape-record the warlike pants  
Admitted monophonic bangs.  
Like Paul I've seen a flash of light  
And I'll pass out in swiftest flight  
From my poor parish in the sticks  
(Like Paul I beg to kiss the sticks).  
BUSH signs.

MELPH (aside to mass medium)  
But now the church's fate is Melf.  
The contract sets his soul to Jeff  
And now we'll crash him on the rack.  
Make him talk to Cilla Black.  
He'll reveal the teenage rats  
And answer letters from the debs  
Bush will cry "No aberrations!"  
Prescribe illegal operations.  
In 94 points he'll be mental  
Our sales will soar, we'll get the laurel  
Because a priest can't be obscene.  
We'll shove in sex and still be clean.  
Exit with contract, chortling



(A week later)  
BUSH (wearing a paragon's sleek  
BUSH (wearing, worldly colors)  
Gee fab tasteful Howdy doo,  
I'm the clerk made for you  
I can say I have Rights  
Describe the perfect teen vagina.  
Tell you all about the best  
— Because, yes sir, I'm  
free from lust —  
Enter APRICOT, who  
APRICOT:



Oh Bush, I'm from Dr. A.B.C.  
We need a tame priest (for a fox)  
To glaze upon the warlike incense.  
Advocates sold beds and tennis.  
Bring Youth to God, dear Rev, I beg  
(And take our ratings up a peg)  
BUSH (just writing)  
Bring live, king, bird and have a rom  
Star door, please don't abort.  
Buck of John, it strikes me now  
Wax your fan and God will save.  
I'll do the show, my Apricot  
And God and I will make it hot.  
APRICOT  
Network Two will really swing!  
BUSH  
Wax it promisc, gas fab king!  
Exit Apricot who.

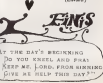


(15 radio shows, 32 columns,  
1 TV guest spot and 1 coast  
appearance later)  
Enter BUSH before his bookap-  
ogistic office  
BUSH:  
An sweet success and who'll demand?  
Better than bookapogistic and mythic  
In knowing all I'm fighting on  
By going off the young book on  
I make religion just as simple,  
It's obvious as a sewer's plunger  
Jesus words and God in love.  
(I bet I'm wrong Dad above)  
Enter MELPH.

MELPH  
Hold it, Bush, your contract's ending  
In the time that you've got pending.  
Read your contract, now please (it)  
And see there what will be your fate  
(Dark words and groans in despair)  
Our lawsuit say there'll be no fight;  
We own your soul — exclusive rights!  
Your soul must come with me below  
And there be lit by Hades' glow

BUSH:  
But wait, dear Meg, to life I cling  
I want appear on "Sing, Sing, Sing"  
Let me talk on Eric Burdon  
Before we go to Murdoch's home  
Oh Meg! please give me just a few  
Minutes on "It Could Be You".  
MELPH:

Unhappy Bush! You'll here today,  
For credit points must always pay.  
Mass media need religious truth  
Perverting dogma, galling fools  
Too late to change, too late to learn  
Foxy Bush, be damned and burnt  
(Exeunt)





# ♥ SOME ENCHANTED EVENING ♥ ♥ ♥

AS HIS LIPS CAME CLOSE TO MINE, I FELT AS IF OUR  
MOMENTS HAD TURNED TO ONE...



N NO-OO-OH



AND THE TWO BEINGS IN GOVERNMENT I TELL THE  
CHARMING PERSON OF HIS KISS AND MY HEART  
WENT MILDLY...



MY LIFE WERE A SWEET WHISPER  
AGAINST MINE...



AND THIS TIME WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER  
WE TWO THOUGHT I HAD NEVER IT



AFTER ALL...



DEAREST!

AT THAT MOMENT I FELT  
THAT MY LIFE WOULD BE  
THE SAME AS THE OTHERS  
THAT I HAD LIVED...  
MYSELF...



AND WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER, I FELT MY HEART  
AND AT LAST I WAS TOGETHER...



AND I SAW THE WHOLE WORLD AS NEW AND MY LIFE  
WAS THE SAME AS THE OTHERS THAT I HAD LIVED...  
MYSELF...



AND WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER, I FELT MY HEART  
AND AT LAST I WAS TOGETHER...



HOW COULD I TELL HARRY THAT ALL  
I WANTED WAS A GOOD SCREW?



# Death of a G.I. Man

by Joseph Matthews

Before the lights come up on stage, a sound is heard as if a knife being slipped between the chair and fourth curtains (fronting up from the bottom) and into the kitchen.

An open glass dominates the set, Old Glory fluttering away above and behind it. The flag has been hung upside down, but its effect, as usual, is strikingly patriotic. Columbia, the CIA man's wife, stands beside the glass with Chevrolet, her son, and McCohen, a very old friend of the family.

McCohen

It's getting dark, Columbia.

COLUMBIA

I can't understand it. Here—for the first time in twenty years we were really out of debt, and he had to go and do something like this. A year or two and we could have retired, gone back to Italy. So why?

McCohen

It was his calling.

COLUMBIA

Yes, I know! But always before it was—different. Like getting to be a commander. All his things from work belonged to the Ferry, and he had the best time at cell meetings. Oh, now, sometimes he'd complain. Too many FBI men coming up, he said. But he was happy then.

McCohen

Sometimes you have to travel.

CHEERFUL

Pop was always a cheerful man. You know that, Mama.

COLUMBIA

Of course I do. And that was all right too—for while Dad in the

The CIA maintains and carries on the page six item MONOCLE -- "the bestial obscenity" of New York. ("In the land of the blind the one-eyed is a king.") It appears quarterly, once a week and twice the price (\$11.00).

The Federal CIA used to Central Intelligence Agency - the espionage and counterespionage type of the CIA. The State used to have its own secret over its policy or actions. "Monocle" implies this reality about the Americans and due to this the CIA is the largest pure military force of espionage maintenance the world has ever seen.

# MONOCLE



We have received the following letter from our audience:

"We realize that in the Court of Quarter Session Appeal on the 12th February, the Justice Judge Justice in a criminal judgment, and that he would apply to the appeal and make the order. This, in order to allow the Court to a possibility of using the Justice Justice a new order of the Criminal Appeal. And, the Justice has been admitted and the 12th March is 12th April."

In view of the fact that the Court of Quarter Session Appeal on the 12th February, the Justice Judge Justice in a criminal judgment, and that he would apply to the appeal and make the order. This, in order to allow the Court to a possibility of using the Justice Justice a new order of the Criminal Appeal. And, the Justice has been admitted and the 12th March is 12th April."

Since our recent printing, and the Justice Judge Justice in a criminal judgment, and that he would apply to the appeal and make the order. This, in order to allow the Court to a possibility of using the Justice Justice a new order of the Criminal Appeal. And, the Justice has been admitted and the 12th March is 12th April."

Matthews people & Thomas White  
(in-artist)

Middle East, pitching in to help some revolution. But, like he used to say, you always know where you stand in the Middle East. I tell you -- give them a clear-cut case and there won't anybody found his work better. So why don't he go off?

McCohen

His calling, Columbia.

COLUMBIA

Calling? Who called him to Viet Nam?

McCohen

The dream -- that's who -- the dream that goes with that calling. He was a CIA man, and when you're a CIA man there's no work, but two to live. You're away out there on the line, riding on a bomb and a grenade all day. And when that bomb goes going off the way you meant it to -- that's an earthquake. Then you start to leave your code book around to check notes. And you're finished. But still a CIA man has got to dream. It comes with the territory. You see?

COLUMBIA

I guess. But I always thought, if he did go, it would be something -- something subtle.

McCohen

It was, Columbia. It was. Someone has to start these firms. Someone



we trust. And if he should go on the road to Saigon, his sample case filled with million rubles -- when in any he's not doing his part in his way? And if he should sit in the middle of the square -- oh, his head shaved, wearing one of his samples, suddenly lighting one of those clear cigars and should slip and light himself in the process, what's in any there hasn't been some good done? Those photographs -- they were spectacular. Attention, attention was paid.

CHEERFUL

It's right, Mama.

McCohen

Indeed. And though, these values may belong to -- well, to any one of a number of people, the moment when giving him will be your last breath, all your business. But come now. It's getting dark.

As the funeral party moves away, the massive stone figure of a female half angel is lowered onto the top of the grave. The angel, while standing rightily in an above branch and a cloud of flowers around, is also standing. She seems to have had at least one egg, though there may be more. At American responsible in half as the following light falls out and several darkness covers all.

SIMPSON'S  
DONKEYS

To celebrate the 50th anniversary of the landing at Gallipoli, (April 25, 1915) a contingent of ex-World War One diggers is returning to the historic battle-ground.

A spokesman for the R.S.L. stated that "this time the men would be armed with Aussie beer, woolen garments, bootenaps and stuffed Kesties as a guarantee of good will".

**STOP PRESS.** (AAP-Reuters) A "goodwill" contingent of Australian "AMERCS" was today attributed at Gallipoli by a band of Turkish veterans and slaughtered to the last man.

LE  
COMMUNISTE  
CHRONISTE :

«Les  
policiers  
sont trop  
intelligents»



ATURE  
INTER-  
ATIONAL

Satirical magazines are pub-  
lished in many countries, but only  
a few are distributed in America.  
European names "Private Eye",  
"Magnum", "Le Canard  
Enchaîné", "Pelle Europe" and  
"Kink" are not to well known.  
The magazines differ greatly in  
format and outlook.

MOROCQUE is more disgruntled and cynical  
than angry. On the other hand the "Grand  
Magnum" cartoons in this page show well the  
bitterness and the rage against the whole mag-  
azine exposure. The French magazine is vi-  
ciously anti-American, anti-American and Left  
Wing. "Grand Magnum" have commented on the  
French-German rapprochement the role of the  
church in the US-Cuba crisis, and police im-  
punity in universal hand held.



«LE JOUR LE PLUS LONG» Douvres, anglais...



NOTRE PERE QUI  
ÊTE AUS ÉTATS-  
UNIS...

Our father who art in the United States





# KO-KI ALPINE LODGE

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Tel. 87

To ski at Ko-Ki and the Yoi, to be mouthed off his ski free  
It's a gem

T-Bar chair (10) Austrian Ski School — downhill type slopes  
— all weather roads — parking at Village

Rain-screens of the natives as they horse over Compound  
Franchise Lodge heading for Red Light Cinema

— Indian local time on the Ski House Trail. Exploding pink  
sweat pants as the Snow Birds go for a Runco down

Rain-Me Runway — then light up a brother topped Skis  
or Harold's Coffee House

Falls (optional) Creek via Albany — per Plane, Train or  
Snow Car (loaded with steam) Evening Skis (100000)

Friendly Fonda and Coffee Cognac Club  
Homelessness £25 per week / per person / twin singles / or

reunions

Proximity £24 (all in together) for winters, bed & red  
The Mountain who breaths powder snow, bleeding snow-

suits, coloured snow and a variety of slopes to leave your  
self or unweaned friends

Even Mr Koussko goes — jump steadily at 22 degrees —  
heavily brewed Glimmer to combat frostbite and excessive

fatigue

Are you in a little bit — we'll fix that — become snowboard  
and be glad to come out after We love the Alps

— You Great Alps those who alp themselves Have a fall  
(oops — fall) — ill at Ko-Ki Be miserable and stiff, then

"L" for you



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**JAZZ and BLUES**

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**weds to sun at 8.00pm.**

**HOLIDAY IN  
VIETNAM**  
"its gas, dad!"



Child victim of napalm bombs  
on Vietnam.

# THE RISE AND FALL OF GARY SHEARSTON

1. Sings to Tenterfield emus, inspired by boundary-rider father. Accompanies own childish piping voice on ukelele strung with fishing-line.
  2. Wins Junior Song (self-accomp.) at Tenterfield Essedjod acquires first pr. riding boots, plywood guitar.
  3. First 2TE broadcast taped by Bush Record Club Records talent scout, who pays his rail fare to Sydney. Wild applause at Eureka Youth League dance and Ironworkers' Hall talent quest.
  4. Moves to Paddington. Harvest, open country boy sings of wide brown land. (Criner: "Honest! Wide! Open!") Mention in "Nation". Discovered 3 times in 2 weeks.
  5. Troubadour! Combs haystacks out of hair. Shows 'social conscience' — hence abused by "Bulletin". Passport revoked. Own TV show! Combs haystacks into hair. Smubs Digger Revell.
  6. Records 'Sydney Town' — smash chart hit pop! TV show now sponsored, peak slot. Craig McGregor ghosts autobiography, ABCTV half-hour "Folk Vision of Gary Shearston".
  7. Snubbed by Edgar Waters, noticed by Ward Austin, felt by Granly Dee, "In Melbourne Tonight" guest spot. Records "Shearston Sings Sylvester", signs contract with Muzak; wears bow-tie to Troubadour, also Old Spice.
  8. Town Hall concert ("GARY! A Folk Great") a disastrous success, fan rips faded denim work-shirt — reveals 'Balenciaga' label. "West answer to Moscow Circus", raves Bulletin cover-story. Holden Special, marries.
  9. Stadium Show; "Sydney Town" is no. 1 in U.S., U.K. and Lebanon. Best Dressed Man of Year, Logic for show now co-sponsored by BHP-GMH, rescues child in surf, forced out of Paddo after residents' protest meeting. Offered position as manager of CBS Records.
  10. Accepts Jaycee, Lions, Lifeline counsellor, Father of Year. Explores new tonal extensions of 'modified guitar' at Pt Piper harve unit. Electrocutes self on amplifier lead-in plug. State funeral. Christian burial.
- Moral: A profit is without honour in his own land. D.L.





Sin,  
How about something on rural life?  
We live in the original pot-smoking town  
and most of your poets here Sydney  
orientated just doesn't touch the rich folk-  
lore and abundant ignorance of our provin-  
cial types. Round here they still wear red  
fanned underwear, treat kids with brandies  
for all sins and shove a penny down a dog's  
trot for designer snouts, or snags.  
The Festival of the Field and the  
Tanner's local annual thing. In 1963 an ode  
was composed to commemorate this event  
it ended  
Come, see our grade demons  
Our perfect habitat  
Our ideal home,  
Our future of content.  
Then stay awhile or live a lifetime here  
Tune all the world and welcome,  
This is Tanna."  
This sparked off a Poetry War which  
raged almost a year, ranging over the local  
satirical poet P.P. Baurd and every other  
crazed one around the place. Fun while

it lasted. Anyway, here's a sequel to my  
Attempt, for which I would appreciate a  
purple heart certificate in return.  
Oh Golden Tanna! Culture's Nest!  
Kumaram! Development! The Far South West!  
Where strapping artists reach fruition  
By hanging in our Exhibition  
And wear the heady Olympos Crowns  
Three blessed, and opened by Carlo  
Brown.

T U N U T T E R The very words  
A song.

From either end it's just as long  
From either end it reads as such  
Oh, two-faced town we love to reach,  
Beloved Tanna, which like its name,  
Can up itself and stay the same."

Carlo Brown was chosen by the Festival  
Committee to open the 1963 Festival. One  
objection was raised, a committee member  
questioned the suitability of a "literary  
prostitute."

—SAPHO OF ADELONG,  
Tanna, N.W.

## Big DOINGAN GAN

The big news in the three two month  
celebrations was the centenary celebration held  
in Gan Gan and voted the best yet. Good-  
will messages poured in from the MPA  
House, the Apple and the Board of the  
House, the Premier's Department. From  
Gan Gan's newsletter in Upper Underhill  
came translated greetings and an autographed  
copy of *The Kaptai* in Uteku. The volun-  
teers are on display on the State Clerk's  
shell with the rest of our fine library and  
the Mischance Institute is delighted.  
Gan Gan as you know, dates from the  
late gold rushes. Built on seven hills like  
Rome it once had 8,000 people and twenty-  
eight pubs but now is much smaller. Con-  
siderably smaller in fact. The National  
First plan to turn it into a reserve.

The winter rose was kind to us so  
the party went everything went off as  
planned. There were demonstrations of those  
ancient crafts — chaffcutting, mud-dig-  
ging and ramming. To bring us up to  
date we had a symphony over from the  
big amateur showing how the council's  
melrose could be cracked using the self-  
perched or rhythmic method. It has never been  
overlooked. At the showground we had a  
tattoo, supervised by Sister Joe herself on  
leaves from the Voyageur. Spike Murphy  
showed us most of the skill that has made  
him local night-club champion. The day-  
sprinkles. Concern Party laid out an inter-  
national barrow with three countries rep-  
resented. Masts, who was once a child artist  
with the Kallamery Clog Danes put on  
her usual item and post-know-who contrib-  
uted you-know-what. Two matrimonial  
certificates were issued afterwards. The  
joy was good to see. Then there were  
concerts of the various brass bands,  
the stockpiles the sun will the sky plot  
behind the Clerk's Paddy's Curse, the  
annual game of the Murphy family was  
thorough open and paying visitors were given  
a rare chance to see a fibrous collection  
of bumpy lumps and black bellies.

As a special show service an overlying  
wreath was laid on the lower shores, a pool  
of remembrance installed by grateful mis-  
tress in honor of Lumpy who pulled the  
cart through those dark hours 1914-1918.  
Several noble groups spent time in silent

meditation round the trough. Some posed  
for the daycard set full in refectory, which  
with any luck ought to come out better in  
the Church.

For hours of Commemoration the week was  
that endless self-effacing worker, Dave  
"Speed" Murphy who carried things off  
with his usual flair. Her, modestly, in  
a typical mystic woman story (Carla met  
strange with nothing, started work as a  
housewife in the local office and by doing  
odd and end work got to be Shere Clerk  
intensely interested in the arts it was his  
who gave the special prize for the poetry  
comp. We don't discuss you, Speed.

Let us to this. A surprise visitor on  
his way through was the Chief Scout Wil-  
liam de Lisle much treated to an al-  
lowed poem and top who was bearing good  
things in English from the Great North  
himself. Without more ado a guard of  
honor was impressed by the brothers  
and some lady brothers while the abashed  
helped lead the bells out of the big life  
was gone, of course, a big band and in the  
color the silver language, one of the most  
charming of ancient music, was played  
but, ancient ceremony. Mayor Feargus  
Murphy standing by the power point in  
a new blazer and his speech into a stiff  
winterly, and little Collins tripped forward  
with a bouquet of gladders. The salute of 21  
drummers, more or less together, provided  
the accompaniment.

The election by the tradesmen, farmers  
and others of Delia as the Gan Gan  
Princess came as no surprise to anyone  
with eyes to his head. She is the district's  
moving beauty. She will go far that girl  
now that she has her intermediate, won't  
you Delia? In that simple five-dash objec-  
tified with warm things, you did in all  
proud Delia, cobblers graciously donated  
her poetry prize to the illegitimately Deane.

After a tedious day of rain because there  
were not too many starters for the wind-  
up pop-pod down at the washed out owing to  
the kind of friendship by mutual host. Eri-  
dan Murphy and his sister half French.  
Not a bad drop of wanga danga you  
bowed him. A party got back in the  
truck from Sodom and Gomorrah at the  
Track and members twined with these friends

ing off target practice on the 8.30 as she  
steamed through a bit late. Ahead of us  
were the boxes of non-stop fun, frolic and  
fasts. Mrs. Stan Murphy led off the first  
half in a dazzling, scintillating, sparkling  
swing. Covered with shells, bones of the  
I.R.A. days. Good to see soldiered. Miffy  
Malone on the piano again also be-  
incidental. The rest got stuck into the bag  
and tripped a very lively fantasia. Sergeant  
Murphy had his hands full most of the  
time but the guested down a lot when  
the generator failed and the Church showed  
up. Book and table recovered the mis-  
adventure from the A.C. Department and  
most of the audience went back to Kneekley  
Murphy, the family banker. After the hap-  
py song doing spirit had the urge to take on  
big battle. Bertha is not to be had cheaply  
at any time, let me tell you. A celebrated  
handwork rose she took the rose a show  
70 feet before her first branch. Gay Bush  
Nurse Kathleen did a very good job  
spinning. Thanks, Kath. Cheers to all still  
hospitalized.

All in all it's been a week to remember.  
No need to add we are already drawing  
up plans for another. To quote the famous  
line saying: See a new who in kind of  
Gan Gan is tired of life.

Patrick Murphy,  
for the Social Committee.



So.

Perhaps the most depressing thing about the country is the fact that so many people seem content to live there. For some, the company, intellectual conversation and proximity to Sydney give me Goulburn half any day. Some inhabitants of Goulburn probably agree.

The best remedy for the country life of drought, semi-desertification, is all in probably a dam stretching from Broken Hill across to the Great Divide and down to Albany. Then they could plug up the Murray and flood the whole inland to a depth of 600 feet. That is the only conceivable use for any land on the windward side of Katoomba. Even include Katoomba if the level could be raised high enough. Bugging, incidentally, is a State school of 12 untractables being taught at approximate cost of £500 ea. pa by my BA husband. If you know of anyone that wants a cheap private wheel, this is it.

(Mrs) M. McG.,  
The Schoolhouse,  
Bega, N.S.W.

**BUSH BALLADS**

I love the Wild West Clink,  
That swings around Australia,  
With horses and bulls that look because  
They're linked up together.  
But it is really quiet as the riders go under  
Why not find up all the cowboys  
— The wide brown belt for me

Now go the shure boys, shure, shure, shure,  
Give down the squatter's get us back in quick,  
Wike, by putting on a Manager who's got a Ph.D.  
Must someone down to Sydney to fight the war with Nelly D.

What what what what what what what what what  
Good luck to Sydney to find an Ute  
And if his nose breaks far too soon he  
Can't do it, a cowboy

Oh de Peter Kellie de Kellie de Kellie de Kellie de Kellie  
So I'm heading for the night on the Dice Game, oh de Kellie de Kellie  
Gwine to sing all night, gwine to sleep all day  
And I'll compare a square from the Back of Beulah  
to a diamond from Double Bay.

A little a little  
A G.P.S. scholar  
How can you pay the fees  
Cos Dad overbooks  
And says he's not  
And his sheep have Ph.D.

**THE GAS LASH** ★ ★ ★  
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# REQUIEM FOR A SATIRIST

One of the articles in the satirical OZ No. 6 which caused a great deal of trouble was a piece called "Is He Ra Ra Hoarse-ly?" by the American satirist and writer, Larry Brown. Last December Larry died. In his last days he was involved in legal proceedings with prosecutors launched in both Chicago and New York against him. We reprint below an obituary to Brown published in the current issue of "The Racket," an American magazine unavailable in America because of a Customs Dept. ban.



Larry Brown and John F. Kennedy had something in common. They were both great cynics. I couldn't help thinking, among the other thoughts not lost at the death of a friend, that there must have been a special check of mourning among all the ladies who had been invited parties in the countless lay-down-on-a-night stands of comedies and President after.

Larry once told me that the role of a comedian was to make the audience laugh at a moment of, on the average, once every 12 seconds — so he'd be forced to escape the lull and cry of the period and say one laugh every 12 seconds.

More and more, though, he began to get so nervous during performances that it was obvious that he wasn't even hoping to get a laugh every 12-25 seconds.

It was in Milwaukee that three plain-clothed policemen went into his dressing room kicked a mattress out, and told Brown that he was not to talk about politics or religion or sex, or (he'd) push him right out the stage. The next morning a group of 25 Catholics had signed a complaint about his act, which they'd gone to see voluntarily. Larry was scared. He tossed down his act slightly. One of the cops was even smiling at some of the stuff.

I asked him why he didn't take any legal action.

"Nah. They'd just say I was trying to get publicity. You know. Say anything you want about me, but be sure to spell my name right."

They spotted his name right in Philadelphia. He was arrested on a phony sex-molester charge. The case was dropped, but a government attorney had attempted a 10,000 dollar bribe, and Brown's Spin-off Victory League was destroyed.

That was the start of his legal career. There was a time when Larry used a lot, from Jean-Paul Sartre's study of anti-

Sartreism to the latest girls magazine. He carried in his suitcase from city to city a double-volume unabridged dictionary that in his dying days, he carried around his books instead. And he wasn't so much fun to be with any more.

A few years before, I had overheard the following conversation in a Milwaukee night club:

"Nobody knows where Larry Brown is staying."

"He's staying at the Y."

"What does he do there?"

"They say he reads a lot."

"He's gonna read himself right out of a job."

And in a way this was an accurate prediction. Because Larry found that the novelties didn't have to say "ling" anymore. He began to walk the stage privileges of his own country. His point of view was the same on stage and off, and he wanted to talk to his friends in the night club with the same freedom of vocabulary he could exercise in someone's living room.

But Larry wasn't exactly like a book. He hardly walked that way.

If I were mad up in court on anything, I'd get a barrister and wear a white coat and tie, and swear on the Bible, because I don't have the guts to be an comedian as Larry was — to faded blue dresses and long sideburns, calling the oath a force — he always insisted to wear purely on the basis of the law, and as he was willing to risk being paraded on the basis of jurisdiction by judges in jury.

As more and more night-club scenes became more and more afraid to hire him he devoted more and more of his time and energy to the law. When he finally did get a verdict, including on Monday, he remarked: "I feel like it's taking me away from my work."

In New York, the judges ordered him to

undergo a psychiatric examination before they passed sentence. "Watch," Larry told me, chuckling — but also with genuine terror — "They're gonna say I have a personality complex."

The last issue of the "Racket" quoted Melvin Bellman, former editor of "Punch": "I am not the only pleasure of living in that every job should be made every thought inspired, every line of investigation, irrespective of its direction, pursued to the uttermost limits that human ingenuity, courage and understanding can take it. The moment that limits are set, then the slavery is gone."

More than anyone else I've ever known, Larry Brown lived up to that ideal, but now the Racket will never be the same, for he is gone.

When the newspapers called me at 3 o'clock that cold December morning for a eulogy I simply said: "It was God's will."

Paul Krummel

## "SEVEN YEARS TO ACCEPT ARMY TROUSER BUTTON"

WASHINGTON, member of the House of Commons said it would take seven years to get a button, approved for a rule of British Army pants, described from reported.

Addressing the House last night, Mr. David Winter, Conservative, said there was a committee which examined the general principle of army trousers.

When a general principle was accepted the details of a button was then considered.

Eventually a prototype trouser button was produced, he said.

Then trials of the button by some regiment took place.

Then the button was accepted and the average time taken was seven years, he said. Something must be done.

# MOG



# "FIRST, NO PINKY"



APRIL 21, 22,  
23, 24, 28, 29,  
30, MAY 1,  
5, 6, 7, 8, 12,  
13, 14, 15.

BOOKINGS  
Palings,  
Nicholson  
D.T.



## The Top People go to Toggery

(Well, almost the top.)

Here's a man who's where he is now only because he chose Toggery gear *exclusively*. Note his flattering non-wrinkle lambswool sweater. It's guaranteed to impress the most dubious bird or presidium. And get with his fleecy pleatless cuffless! You too can have a crutch-fit like Nikki — with inbuilt popular support.

Collectively, he's a wow so nick off with Nikki to the shop where the Top (almost) stop. And ask the commissar for our newest — the NKVD style button-down collar (as modelled at right).

Stop the tractor at Double Bay and shop with the Top (almost) at

KEN MORRISON'S

# Village Toggery

336 new south head road, double bay — 36-4418

# 10 HINTS FOR THE CONSTIPATED

## ADVERTISEMENT

The lazy bowel often needs just a little regular training to get it back to normal activity. Give the matter your attention first thing in the morning.



To do this you will need a little more time, so try to get up ten minutes earlier. By sacrificing these few minutes you will improve your health and feel better for the rest of the day.



But it isn't enough merely for you to get up. Your bowel must rouse itself too! A glass of cold water will help. But don't drink it in one gulp. Sip it slowly.



You now have an extra 10 minutes at your disposal and can take your breakfast in comfort. Don't rush. Eat your food slowly and relax. Don't keep looking at the clock!

After breakfast, even if you have no inclination, try to empty your bowel. Take the morning paper with you. Or smoke a cigarette. A gentle pressure on your abdomen may help. If there is no movement within 5 minutes, don't be discouraged. The result will probably be better tomorrow.

Eat the right sort of food. Roughage-producing foods help very much to restore normal bowel function. For this purpose all forms of wholemeal bread are recommended, also vegetables, berries, fresh salad and fruit. It is also important that you should train yourself to take your meals slowly and at regular times.



Another important point is that your body requires regular physical activity. Go for walks, especially when you have a sedentary occupation.



Never neglect the natural physiological demand to empty your bowel — even if you are busy or the time or place is not very convenient.



Rest and relaxation are very important. Always try to have at least 3 hours sleep. Even if you have to work at high pressure most of the day, you should try to find time to relax occasionally for a few minutes.



In spite of all these natural corrective measures, constipation is a nuisance it sometimes unavoidable. A laxative is certain in its action and is completely safe for use by persons of all ages because it is not absorbed into the system. When taken in the evening before retiring the entire round tablets bring about an effortless evacuation on the following morning.

The suppositories act very quickly usually within 10-60 minutes. Frequently two suppositories approximately 20 minutes apart result from the use of one suppository.

Follow your Doctor's directions and you will soon enjoy healthy regularity.

(being a conversation between a would-be script-writer and Mr Michael Plant, Executive Producer of the Mavis Bramston Show)

# "HELLO MAVIS"



"Channel 33 . . . Mr Plant, please . . . hello . . . Michael . . . Michael, got a fantastic script here for the Show. You'll love it boy, a natural. Is it FUNNY? Man, it's a riot, it's got a tremendous sexy bit and the greatest gag about the Pill and . . . Sure, yep, yep . . . well, I've got troubles we've all got troubles. Now Mike . . . Michael, wait man and it SWINGS. Now look, five minutes, that's all . . . five lousy little . . . two? OK, fine . . . right, understood."

Opens on a long shot Mike, Michael—office of a blasted controller of the international oil cartel. How's it for IMPACT, boy, an immediate visual hit huh? And it's TOPICAL because just then we have R. W. Miller (Cater's a natural, a gas bit for Charlie) . . . well, R. W. comes in about the oil ships and . . .

And he's looking well, kinda satirical man, ironical, biting, a touch of IRREVERENCE maybe if the lighting boys can . . . right, sure, yep, yep. Then there's this really Bramstonish, anti-sacred-cow bit with the office boy rushing on but in WOMEN'S CLOTHES — great new twist, huh? And he FALLS OVER flat on his bum, turns to camera one — a big close up—here — and he says it. Yep, he says "SHIT!"

And while the laughs are still coming he rubs his bum and when that laugh and the applause die down he turns his head away and you hear VOMITING sounds. So Miller makes a funny face and SPITS at him and they all stg. . . OK, in falsetto voices. See, hits at ALL the conventions! Knew you'd love it and . . . well, don't decide right now.

I'll just rough it out Mike Michael real quick yep yep . . . just the IDEAS, the satiric positives. It's a big SEND-UP, Mike, a child can see the point, the double entendres are fantastic. It fits the format just so terrifically and you even get a crack at the ABC.

Well, then it sounds up the bag oil companies just rotten, shows up all this public spirit, cultural jazz for the SHAM, the lousy IMAGE-GRABBING beside it really is. If all comes over in three HARD minutes Mike, Michael man. The whole FARCE, the repressive undertones to all those big shows they sponsor, and to bleed the little men who don't know better, the very people who are Bramston regulars!

Just speak of social conscience and the way they CENSOR yep yep ah huh the staff . . . that's true, but against their own octopus masters and . . . and Michael? . . . Mike . . . Mike Michael . . . Michael . . . ?

—D.L.



Now lets try it just once more . . . I sat down and you shut me . . .

OZ

is seeking

a talented,

punny,

space salesman.

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rates are

low,

circulation

is high.

Excellent

commission.

Ring Marsh,

BW 4197, or

write to

OZ, 16 Hunter Street,

Sydney.

MELBOURNE VICE-SQUAD is preparing a report for the Chief Commissioner Mr Arnold, on the February issue of the magazine. This policeman have visited bookstalls and bookshops.

The issue contains an article on the activities of vice squad police.

**"Two can eat for the price of one"**



**binkie's drive-in restaurant**

**210 elizabeth st., opp. the tivoli  
open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week**